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LONDON
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Tunbridge

Engaged to The Duke of Rutland: Miss Anne Cumming Bell

Miss Anne Cumming Bell recently became engaged to the Duke of Rutland. She is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Cumming Bell of Edgerton, Huddersfield and served during the war with the F.A.N.Y. Her fiancé who is the tenth Duke of Rutland owns Belvoir Castle, Grantham, and succeeded his father in 1940. He is twenty-six and is in the Grenadier Guards. His two younger brothers are Lord John and Lord David Manners, and he has two sisters, Lady Ursula Marreco, who married Lt. Anthony Freire Marreco, R.N.V.R., in 1943, and Lady Isabel Guinness, wife of Group Captain Thomas Loel Evelyn Bulkeley Guinness. His mother, the Duchess of Rutland is a daughter of the late Francis John Tennant and she married the late Duke of Rutland during the war in 1916. The Manners family dates back to Henry II. The first Earl of Rutland was created in 1525 and enjoyed the high favour of Henry VIII. His younger son was the Sir John Manners of Haddon Hall who ran away with Dorothy Vernon, daughter of Sir George Vernon, known for his magnificence and hospitality as "King of the Peak." The first Duke of Rutland and Marquess of Granby, son of the eighth Earl, was created in 1703 and was one of the chief supporters of the revolution of 1688 which put William and Mary on the English throne.

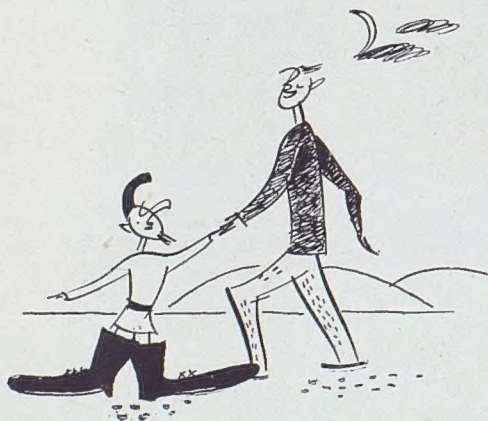


PORTRAITS IN PRINT



READERS of this page must this week go without the pleasure of reading the erudite thoughts of Simon Harcourt-Smith. That young man is in Dublin, or thereabouts, and the mail has so far not brought his contribution. This non-arrival may be partly my fault. Before Simon left, I gave him a copy of Sean O'Casey's *Drums Under the Window*, telling him that no other book I knew would so accurately and quickly give him the true Dublin atmosphere; and especially did I draw his attention to certain passages dealing with one Mild Millie, a red-biddy-drinking young woman whose power of invective left me breathless and tortured with envy. Perhaps then, Simon became so enwrapped with O'Casey's magic that all thoughts of writing Portraits fled from him; perhaps the Little People awakened him in the night and bade him follow them over the mountains shod in twelve-league boots which have their upper soles made of the down from a kid's ear and have laces spun from the sweet treble of Kate Mavourneen.

Or maybe St. Patrick's Day had something to do with it. For very strange things happen on St. Patrick's Day, as some millions of people yearly rediscover.



I AM reminded, for example, of The Odd Affair of the Man Who Was Hit on the Head by Ten Thousand Pounds (sterling). This mainly took place in a lifeboat on St. Patrick's Day, 1940, and the circumstances were as now to be stated.

Your correspondent was among a number of other officers being shipped by armed merchant cruiser to West Africa, from which part of the world we were variously intended for (a) the Western Desert and (b) Addis Ababa. One learned, in the ward-room on the second day out, that the Addis people were in the banking business and were, in fact, heavily loaded with large sums in new banknotes which were to form the basis for a more worthwhile currency in Abyssinia. This in itself was of no more than passing interest; but it was soon to become otherwise, for the armed merchant cruiser presently took fire, its oil fuel having in some manner been ignited at a source other than in the boilers.

The situation was in no wise improved by a storm which had been brewing for some time and

which now became most violent. An order was given for all but certain of the crew to man the lifeboats and abandon ship. (I here confess to delaying somewhat at this point. One is not in a burning ship on St. Patrick's Day often in one's life, nor is one often confronted with a ward-room bereft of all and everything but the most inspiring array of excellent liquor which one knows, as a certainty, will shortly be but an unnecessary tonic for the fish of the sea. Delay, however short, seemed therefore to be more in the line of duty than in defiance of orders.)

SOME difficulty was encountered in getting free of the ship, the block and tackle (my term may not be strictly accurate) on the far end of the lifeboat failing at a tactical moment and plunging

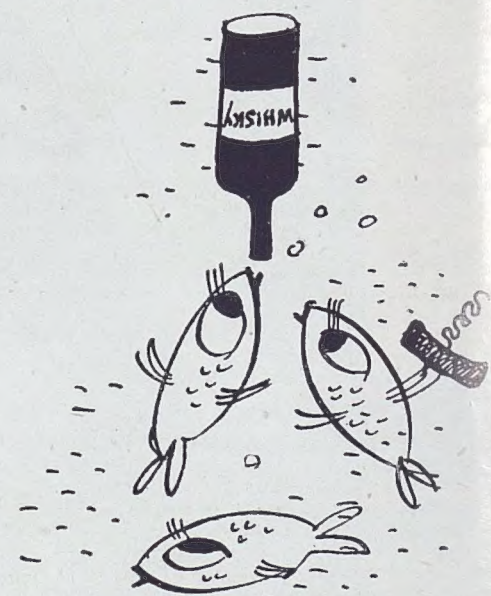


half the escapees beneath seas made no more comfortable by the close proximity of Iceland. Upon this incident being put to rights, those not upon the oars fell to baling for what was now quite clearly, dear, dear life. It was while engaged upon this seemingly fruitless task, which could not be interrupted even for a quick swig from the bottle of rum concealed in my battledress blouse, that I saw the banker; he was baling with his cheese-cutter cap with one hand and in the other clasped a large and important brief-case which bulged in a most unnatural fashion.

The next few hours and their happenings are of small interest; indeed, I apologize for taking so long to come to my main point. The moment came, however, when the banker and I were alone in the lifeboat against the weather side of a rescuing destroyer. It was a four-funnel American turtle-back which (among some forty-nine others) had passed into the hands of the Royal Navy by courtesy of President Roosevelt, and its name was Lincoln. Against the side of this pitching and plunging vessel, our lifeboat, now with frighteningly little freeboard, was flung by angry waves, from whose tops the wind sharply whipped a vile mixture of fuel oil and spray. Our companions (with few exceptions) had obeyed their rescuers' demands to "Jump!" at suitable moments; the theory was simple enough—you jumped when

the destroyer was in the trough of the wave upon which the lifeboat crested. Those who jumped too early or too late had to be rescued anew.

"Sir," I said to the banker, "this is no time for further delay. You must jump." He stood there,



brief-case still in hand. "Pray," I added, "leave your case. What can it matter now if, as I suspect, it contains a fortune? The matter is one of life or death."

He replied: "This bag contains £10,000. Save it I must." And, thereupon, as a giant wave lifted us up, he tore it open and with the speed of light flung a sodden but still tightly packed bundle of notes at the destroyer's deck. All might still have been well had not a member of the crew thrust his face in the line of flight. £10,000 caught him what one might (inaccurately) call a "fourpenny one" just above his eye, laying the flesh open to the bone.

"The wonder is that we were rescued at all after that," I said to the banker some time later. "Sir," he replied, "I did only what I conceived to be my duty. And in any case few men can claim, as this sailor can now justly claim, to have been hit on the head by £10,000."

It remained only for me to murmur, "... on St. Patrick's Day."

ONE should, I suppose, try very hard to put personal recollections of the past six or so years away in a safe place and bring them out but rarely for a dusting. But it is not at all easy when sharp reminders continually step out from behind bushes, as it were. I had almost forgotten about that legendary private army, known as Killanin's Light Horse, until a few days ago when a flock of its members once more impinged upon my consciousness.

This gallant regiment, it must be said, existed, in fact, not at all, but gained its wholly unofficial

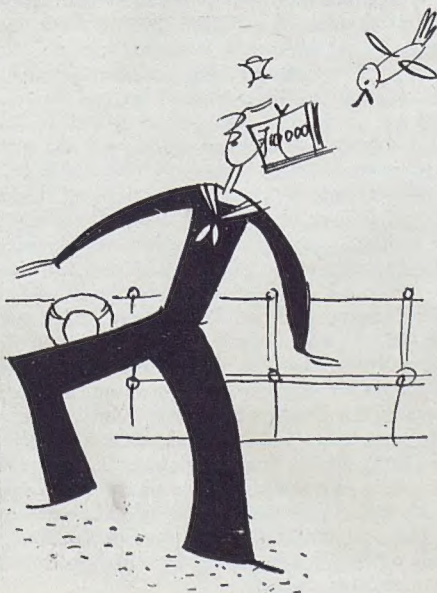
name from Lord Killanin who, with sweet tongue and bright eye, prevailed upon a great many of his friends to enrol themselves as riflemen in the 2nd Bn. The Queen's Westminsters. Shortly before war began, these persons, who had been drilling to doubtful purpose each morning in Buckingham Gate, found themselves mobilized and placed in charge of various London bridges and the like, which were termed Vital Points. It



was upon one of these bridges that this writer engaged his first batman—one Canham (he always signed himself as Canham, though I took leave to doubt the inferred claim) whose pre-occupation, until he came into my employ, was fishing in the River Thames at Barnes. I shared Canham with Johnny Gillespie (R.H.'s wonderful son who was killed outside Tobruk) and a very rugged character called "Blankfire" Smith. So earnest was Canham in his duties that he, unwittingly, gained for his master an official rebuke couched in terms unusual even in the 1939 British Army.

He had been dispatched to buy a large quantity of foot-salve and, it seemed, had met with some delay. It is known, however, that he returned to Barnes Bridge Station, and there saw lying, blankets wrapped about them, the sleeping forms of many soldiers, among whom he correctly supposed I was numbered. It was a matter for later complaint that Canham, starting at the wrong end, woke the entire platoon before getting his man, and it was Frank Lawton's sad duty, as an N.C.O. of some weeks' standing, to deliver himself thus: "Rifleman Fielding—I have to say on behalf of the Company Commander that serious complaint has been made about your batman. He disturbed the much-needed rest of the platoon without good cause. You must understand that this cannot and must not occur again. Keep your batman under control in future. Dismiss."

It was some consolation that Frank's wife, Evelyn Laye, arrived that evening with a Fortnum's hamper, over which it was possible to discuss the affair on more equal, and in more equable, terms.



The Duchess of Buccleuch with her Daughter, Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, who is to marry the Duke of Northumberland

Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, and her fiancé the tenth Duke of Northumberland, succeeded his brother who was killed in action with the Grenadier Guards in 1940. This photograph was taken at Drumlanrig Castle, the Dumfriesshire home of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Duchess is wearing her W.V.S. uniform. Lady Elizabeth is twenty-four and a Third Officer in the W.R.N.S. She is the eldest of the family, her brother the Earl of Dalkeith will be twenty-three in September, and her sister, Lady Caroline, is four years younger.

Two great Border families will be united by this marriage. The ancestor of the Scott family was Sir Richard Le Scot of Rankilburn and Murthoekston, who was a person of great distinction in the reign of Alexander III of Scotland. He obtained a considerable estate in Lanarkshire by marriage, and as a feudal lord swore fealty to Edward I of England in 1296. The youngest daughter of the second Earl of Buccleuch, who died in 1651, became afterwards the first Duchess of Buccleuch. She was a great heiress, and in 1663 married the Duke of Monmouth. On the day of the marriage he and his Duchess were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.

The Duke of Northumberland's family, the Percys, was founded in England by William de Percy, one of the Norman chieftains who accompanied William the Conqueror in 1066. Henry Lord Percy of Alnwick became first Earl of Northumberland in 1377, on the day of the coronation of Richard II. He was the father of the renowned Hotspur, who rebelled against Henry IV and who was killed at the Battle of Shrewsbury. The title became extinct in 1670 at the death of the eleventh Earl, who left one daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy. She married, as her third husband, the sixth Duke of Somerset, and their son became Duke of Somerset and Earl of Northumberland. Their granddaughter, Baroness Percy, married Sir Hugh Smithson, Bt., who assumed the name and arms of Percy by Act of Parliament, and was created first Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy in 1766. It is from them that the present family is directly descended.

The present Duke is thirty-one and is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. He has two brothers, Lord Richard and Lord Geoffrey Percy, and his sisters are the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon and the Countess of Ellesmere. His mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, widow of the eighth Duke, is the youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Richmond.



Schooling for Young Pip: Anthony Wager, thirteen years old and the youngest member of the company, still has to do his lessons. Mrs. Bevan, who has schooled many young actors and actresses, is his governess



Make-up For a Convict: Finlay Currie, who has spent forty-seven of his sixty-seven years in the theatre, knows how to relax while he is being made up by expert Eddie Harrison. He plays Magwitch

James Agate

AT THE

IF you are going to film slush it may as well be the best slush. On the March Hare's principle that if you are going to use butter to oil a watch it had better be the best butter. Everything about *The Bells of St. Mary's* (Carlton) is of the very best. Even in the matter of length, since it is all the length there is. The very best even in respect of the programme which, at the Press show, was wrapped up in cellophane. This first-class brochure is also possessed of first-class discretion, since it doesn't dare to tell the story in all its first-class idiocy.

SISTER BENEDICT (Ingrid Bergman) is leaving St. Mary's, a Church school of which she is apparently head-mistress. Not to put too fine a point upon it she has been sacked by Father O'Malley (Bing Crosby). But this is the very moment of the school's triumph. Sister Benedict and her co-nuns have prayed night and day that the hard-boiled Horace Bogardus (Henry Travers) will see fit to build, and present St. Mary's with, a new school instead of pulling down the old one to make room for a car park. Now since more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of, since the nuns' voices have risen like fountains night and day, and since, in the cinema, the granite hearts of American millionaires are, when appealed to, softer than butter—in view of all these things, which include the gift of the new school, is it surprising that Sister Benedict is a little peeved at getting the sack at such a moment, a moment which, as Damon Runyon would say, most citizens will consider very ill-timed indeed. Why does Sister Benedict think she has got the sack? Because she wouldn't give a graduation certificate to Patsy

(Joan Carroll) who was Father O'Malley's favourite girl pupil. And why didn't Patsy pass, seeing that she was easily the cleverest child in the school? Because she didn't want to. And why didn't she want to? Because there was trouble at home, and also because she wanted to stay on at the school and spend the rest of her life as a mädchen getting ready for nun's uniform.

Now let's get back to where we began. Graduation day is over, the children have gone home to bed, it is apparently midnight, and the nuns are seeing Sister Benedict off to some job in Newfoundland. She has already knelt in the school chapel and asked that she may feel no bitterness towards Father O'Malley who, most citizens will agree in thinking, has behaved in a very mean and underhand manner towards her. She is about to step into the carriage when Father O'Malley calls her back and says to her like this: "Sister, when the doctor overhauled you he told you you were perfect. You are perfect, but not physically. The reason I am sending you away is that you have got a spot of T.B. and that isn't good for the children. The doctor didn't want you to know what is the matter with you. But I think you should. Now you know why you've been sent to Newfoundland where the cod-liver oil is." Or words to that effect. Whereupon Sister Benedict gives her hand to the priest and says, "You have made me very happy." After which the curtains come pinkly together and the members of the Critics Circle, weeping bucketsful or scarlet with embarrassment, pour forth into the prosaic Haymarket, where louts in overalls and on ladders are erecting a wonderful display piece.

Is this picture a failure then? No, it is a tremendous success. Once again Hollywood has pulled off its old trick of doing rubbish superbly. We all know about Crosby's charm and Bergman's skilful pretence at being an actress. Theatre-goers as well as film-goers know how good an actor Travers is. What nobody who has not seen this picture could possibly reckon with is the superb acting of the children, if indeed it is acting. Joan Carroll is very nearly as good as Margaret O'Brien; being a little less good she is even more natural. And there is a little six-year-old, unnamed boy who is a marvel now, whatever he may be in the future. And then again the film is brilliantly directed by Leo McCarey, who has combined genuine feeling with the ecstatically maudlin in a way that is positively uncanny. For example, the children get up a Nativity play on their own. This has a cardboard ass on which, with some difficulty, the six-year-old boy hoists the eight-year-old girl. He then says, "I'm Joseph. This is Mary. She's tired, and we've nowhere to sleep. And that's all you've really gotta know." (If only some modern playwrights would come in front of the curtain and tell us after two minutes that that's all they gotta say!) And so the play proceeds, with an Infant Jesus fully two years old. I can't believe that this sequence is not genuinely moving, though the rest of the film reminded me of the argument between Alice and the Dormouse: "They couldn't have lived on treacle," Alice remarked. "They'd have been ill." "So they were," said the Dormouse, "Very ill." Wherefore if somebody says to me, "You can't have been moved by this film, or you'd be ashamed of yourself," I shall reply: "I was moved by this film, and I am ashamed of myself."

Film Company on Location

"Great Expectations" is being made in the Dickens Country—the Marshland between the old Dover Road and the Thames Estuary



Last-Minute Instruction: Director David Lean has a final word with Pip, now grown up and played by John Mills. In the background of the Thames Estuary is the rowing boat in which Pip sets out to intercept the paddle steamer



Break for Lunch: A mobile canteen brings hot meals to the company. In front of the blacksmith's forge and cottage they sit at a rough trestle table. Facing the camera are Producer Ronald Neame, Biddy (Eileen Erskine), Director David Lean, Mrs. Joe Gargery (Freda Jackson), young Pip (Anthony Wager) and Uncle Pumblechook (Hay Petrie). In profile is Joe Gargery (Bernard Miles)

HERE is the plot, or part of the plot, of *Renegades* (Tivoli):

"Dr. Sam Martin (Willard Parker) is about to marry Hannah Brockway (Evelyn Keyes) in the board-walk town of Prairie Dog. Kirk Dembrow (Edgar Buchanan) and his two sons hold up the stage coach in which Hannah is travelling, but she is rescued by a young man, Ben (Larry Parks), to whom she feels attracted. Ben asks the doctor to tend his mother and takes him to a shack. The sick woman has something on her mind, and the doctor, in a showdown with Ben, learns that the other is the youngest of the Dembrow boys. He is trying to go straight and the doctor gives him a job. The Dembrows ride into town and rob the safe of Hannah's father. They are surprised and have to flee, making for the cabin in which Ben is caring for his mother. Hannah, who is with the doctor, learns, when the posse comes, that Dembrow is Ben's father. Dembrow and his two bandit sons escape, but Ben is arrested. The shock kills his mother. Ben stands trial, but the doctor convinces him that he can prove his innocence. In gaol Ben is visited by Hannah and their love ripens. . . ."

CAN you, reader, make head or tail of this précis, graciously vouchsafed by Synopsis? I confess that I couldn't make head or tail of the picture. I only know that as Ben and Hannah's love ripened my loathing did the same. There are more revolvers and hold-ups in this piece than I have ever seen in a Western. But why didn't everybody shoot everybody else in the first reel and let us go home?



Evening at the Local: Members of the company stayed at the Old Leather Bottle Inn in Cobham, Kent, while on location. The inn is a 600-year-old hostelry which Dickens used to visit and where he is reputed to have done much of his writing. David Lean, Bob Krasker, Ronald Neame and John Mills talk over the day's work in the "Dickens" room after their evening meal

PICTURES

The Theatre

"Song of Norway" (Palace)

Is it not an error in theatrical tactics to call this melodious biography of Edvard Grieg an operetta? Of course "operetta" sounds grander than musical play or musical comedy, but then it attracts the notice of musicians, and musicians, a "werry fierce" tribe when roused, will surely say of *Song of Norway* that it is the *Lilac Time* outrage all over again. To sing Grieg's piano pieces and dance his songs is to them an unpardonable offence, and hot tears of rage spring to their eyes when they see "Monte Pincio," one of the really fine songs of its period, forced into the service of a dainty ballet and the exquisite "To a Water Lily" titivated for solo and chorus. But what has *Song of Norway*—what had *Lilac Time*—to do with musicians?

Lilac Time succeeds whenever it is revived, and if Schubert was never like this and indelicate liberties have been taken with his music nobody but the musicians cares so long as Mr. Richard Tauber is there to sing. Very likely *Song of Norway* will be equally successful. For it is not to musicians but to the musical comedy public that both these entertainments are addressed. This is a public which is well used to hearing music that may be politely described as a popularization of classical motifs. Music critics are wisely discouraged by their editors from attending musical comedies. These unbending martinets cannot be expected to refrain from saying of some tune, obviously destined to go round the world, that it has been shamelessly derived from Schubert or Beethoven or Brahms, perhaps from all three; and such information, though doubtless accurate, seems exquisitely irrelevant to readers light-heartedly prospecting for an evening of tuneful gaiety. The joke that convulses a music hall audience may often be traced by devious ways back to one of Sheridan's epigrams or La Rochefoucauld's maxims; but why should all the freshness and instancy of the sally be clouded by such pedantic reflections? We are all Philistines

to somebody, and those of us who like relaxing at a good musical comedy are perfectly happy in our Philistinism.

If this new outrage, then, be judged by the standards that we should apply to *Lilac Time*, there is a good deal to be said in its favour. It is handsomely mounted in the modes of the sixties. Grieg's tunes are new to the light theatre (he is indeed strangely neglected by the musicians), and though liberties have been taken with them, they are still good to hear and rather better than they would be if their motifs had been stolen and introduced to us under some other composer's name. And the chief songs are sung by a baritone as fine as Mr. John Hargreaves, and a tenor as good as Mr. Arthur Servent, and the diva who lures Grieg from his Norway to the alien excitements of Copenhagen and Rome is delightfully burlesqued by Miss Hamilton-Smith. These singers are ex-principals of Sadler's Wells, and the ballets—two of which have been arranged by Mr. Robert Helpmann—are charmingly led by Miss Moyra Fraser, who is one of the best dancers yet produced by the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Whatever we may feel about the general intention of the piece, its execution is certainly finished.

Miss Joan Jefferson Farjeon's settings are, very properly, glossy and sumptuous. The whole thing has been directed skilfully by Mr. Charles Hickman. Perceiving that the weakness of the show is its story, he has been careful to keep the stage continuously alive with movement and colour. There is no story to speak of. Grieg is drawn away by the flamboyant diva from the cold simplicity of his native fjords and hills which warms his genius, to the glitter of foreign capitals which leaves it cold; and the devotion of the heroine and of his friends happily draws him back again. For a musical play, this is short-weight romance; but the deficiency is offset, I think, by Mr. Hickman's lively stage direction, the attractiveness of the dresses whether swirling in country dance or flowing in Roman grandeur and, above all, by the ineradicable originality and poetry of the music itself.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



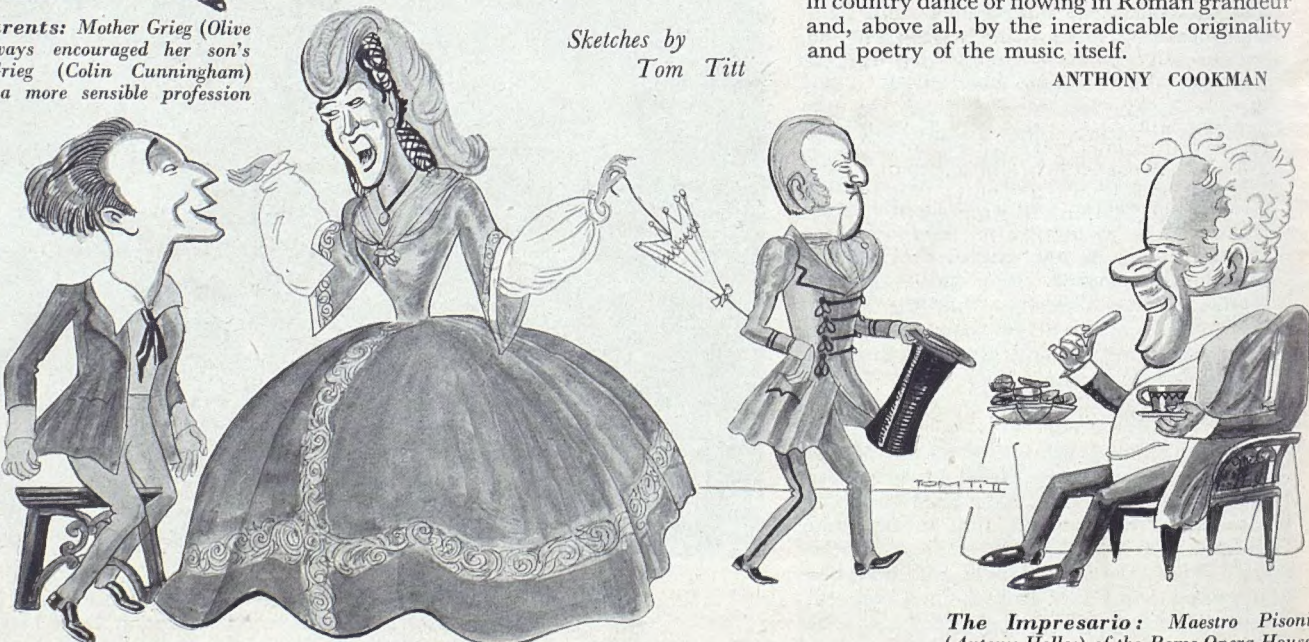
The Composer and His Wife: Edvard Grieg (John Hargreaves), the composer, writes "Ich Liebe Dich" for his wife, Nina Hagerup (Halina Victoria)



The Composer's Parents: Mother Grieg (Olive Sturgess) who has always encouraged her son's genius and Father Grieg (Colin Cunningham) who thinks selling fish a more sensible profession

Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Faithful Friend, the Prima Donna and the Henpecked Husband: Rikard Nordraak (Arthur Servent) writes poetry to his friend Grieg's music; Louisa Giovanni (Janet Hamilton-Smith) throws emperaments and sings arias with equal virtuosity and her husband, Count Peppi Le Loup (Bernard Ansell), sometimes finds life with a prima donna somewhat discouraging



The Impresario: Maestro Pisoni (Antony Holles) of the Rome Opera House

RUTH DRAPER

Supreme Artist

THE superb artistry of one woman—Ruth Draper—is enthralling audiences which on four afternoons a week fill the Apollo Theatre to welcome back to Britain, after seven years' absence, the great American diseuse.

Born in New York, the sister of vocalist Paul, Ruth Draper is slim, little more than 5 ft. tall and fifty-seven years old. Enormous dark-brown eyes still shine with the liquid brilliance of youth; on the stage, and off, she looks little more than half her age. In fact, in the twenty-six years which have elapsed since she first appeared in London (at the Aeolian Hall), she seems not to have changed at all beyond the greying of her dark hair.

Deep sincerity and uncanny powers of observation and imitation have made this artiste a unique personality in the theatre. Even in extreme youth, these great gifts were apparent, and as a child, Ruth Draper practised them on her family and friends, writing every word of her monologues herself (as, indeed, she always has done), finding inspiration in a bus, in a train, on a street. Not until she was twenty-six did she make her first public appearance. Since then she has travelled all over the world, with little more than a hamper; for her artistry needs few props—a dark back-cloth, a table, a chair. She has the reputation of entering the theatre five minutes before the curtain goes up. Without artificial aid or device, she holds her audience by the uncanny magnetism of her voice and subtle mannerisms.

During the war years, Ruth Draper spent much of her time touring the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. camps in Canada. Seats for her one-night "stands" (she frequently gave as many as ten on consecutive evenings) were as eagerly sought after as Cup Final tickets.

Ruth Draper's all-too-short season at the Apollo (four matinées a week) lasts until March 29th. After that, she plans to make her first tour of Britain's big provincial towns and cities, visiting Cambridge, Oxford, Bristol, Nottingham, Coventry and Bath. Her programme consists of many of the old favourites, including "Opening a Bazaar" and "Three Women and Mr. Clifford," and three new character sketches, "The Return," "Vive la France, 1940" (a sequel to "Vive la France, 1916"), and "Glasses"—a study of the things we all do with eyeglasses.

FOOTNOTE: When Ruth Draper arrived in London she found a persuasive note inviting her to the first night of a big London musical. The invitation was refused. She preferred to spend her first night at a lecture on the Economic Relations Between the U.S.A. and the British Commonwealth.



"Opening a Bazaar"

A DEBUTANTE WITH AN INTERESTING AND UNUSUAL JOB

H R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH honoured Mrs. Gerald Constable Maxwell and Mrs. Anthony Buxton with her presence at the dance they gave recently for their daughters, Miss Anne Constable Maxwell and Miss Elizabeth Buxton. This was a gay affair, attended by nearly 500 guests, which went on into the early hours of the morning. Princess Elizabeth looked radiant in a dress of palest pink tulle, and stayed until nearly 3 a.m., dancing tirelessly the whole evening. Among her partners were the Hon. Charles Stourton, Mr. Boyce Richardson, of the U.S. Navy, who is A.D.C. to Admiral Hewitt, and Lord Ogilvy, a childhood friend of the Princess who, with his younger brother, Angus, used to go up to tea at Windsor Castle with the two Princesses when he was at Eton.

W/Cdr. Gerald Maxwell, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., who was at his daughter's coming-out dance, was one of the greatest pilots in the R.F.C. in the 1914-18 war, shooting down thirty-one German aircraft. In the last war he was Commanding Officer at Ford Aerodrome, in Sussex. Also at the dance was Mr. Anthony Buxton, father of Miss Elizabeth Buxton; he is a great naturalist, and lives at Horsey Hall, in Norfolk.

Other members of the family at the dance were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Lovat, the Earl and Countess of Eldon, the latter wearing a fine diamond necklace with her black dress; Capt. Anthony and Lady Katherine Phillips, Lady Winifred Freeman and the Hon. Hugh Fraser. Among those who brought parties were Lord Howard of Glossop, with Baroness Beaumont, the Duchess of Grafton, Mrs. Kathleen Stourton, Lord and Lady Chesham, and the Earl and Countess of Limerick.



Miss Anne Constable Maxwell

Bassano



W/Cdr. Gerald Maxwell, Miss Anne Maxwell, Cadet William (Bill) Maxwell, R.A.F., the Maxwells' elder son, Mrs. Maxwell and Miss Elizabeth Buxton. Miss Anne Maxwell works hard on the farm, and her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Buxton, has also been helping



Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Anne Maxwell and Miss Elizabeth Buxton packing watercress. They are in the bunching-shed, where cress is washed and stripped in a constant stream of spring water

A feature of this very good dance was the number of "young-marrieds" there. These included Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, Sir Anthony and Lady Tichborne (in white satin with a magnificent sapphire and diamond necklace), Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, the Duchess of Roxburghe (in black trimmed with white), the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt, who was dancing with Mr. Charles Sweeny. Lord Perth's son and heir, Lord Strathallan, was there with his wife. Others I saw in this ballroom, which was beautifully decorated with spring flowers, were Lady Dalhousie, Earl Haig, Miss Diana Garle, Lord and Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart, Mr. Cabot Coville and Mr. Dorsay Fisher from the U.S.

Embassy; Lord and Lady Falmouth, Viscount Cross, Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy McLean, Lord Fairfax, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, Capt. Ian Maxwell, Miss Violet de Trafford and Major and Mrs. David Maxwell.

The motto of the Maxwell family is "Reviresco" ("I grow green again"), which is most suitable for W/Cdr. and Mrs. Maxwell, who run a successful watercress farm at their home, Alresford House, Alresford, in Hampshire. It was in 1939 that the Maxwells went to live in Alresford House, which was given to the nation by Lord Rodney some 160 years ago, and when war broke out Mrs. Maxwell, who is the daughter of Mr. George Carden, of Dallas,

Texas, decided to go in for food production. After the garden had been turned over to food cultivation, she decided to make the many acres of hitherto useless and marshy, bush-covered land into watercress-beds if a spring of water could be found.

While on short leave, W/Cdr. Maxwell drove a two-inch pipe into the ground and found a clear-water spring down at 20 ft. Round this the first trial bed was made. An interesting fact is that much of the early construction work was done by night-fighter pilots. Each year land has been cleared, levelled and planted until the Maxwells' watercress farm has become a great success.

E. K.



Working on the watercress-beds are Miss Elizabeth Buxton, Miss Anne Maxwell, a helper, Mrs. Maxwell and W/Cdr. Gerald Maxwell. Picking requires skill. Small handfuls are pulled, root and all, and each bed is picked over four or five times



Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham. Sir Graham received the K.B.E. He was made Controller-General, Munitions Production, at the Ministry of Supply in 1942, and was knighted a year later



Major-Gen. Sir Kenneth Buchanan received the honour of knighthood. He was appointed Secretary of the Council of Voluntary War Work and of the National Defence Public Interest Committee in 1939. With him is Lady Buchanan



Sir James Dyer-Simpson with his wife, Lady Dyer-Simpson, and his son, Mr. James Dyer-Simpson. Sir James, who is a former chairman of the British Insurance Association, received the K.B.

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

FROM General Smuts—one of the very few people in the well-kept secret—downwards, everyone in South Africa was delighted at the news that Their Majesties are to visit the youngest of the Dominions at the beginning of next year; and the news that both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret are to accompany their parents added not inconsiderably to their pleasure. In other parts of the Empire, too, the news has been received with great satisfaction as presaging a series of Empire visits by the King and Queen and the Princesses, such as both Their Majesties have frequently said in private conversation they would like to undertake.

South Africa was singled out for the distinction of receiving the first post-war Royal visit for several cogent reasons. Canada's special claim as the oldest Dominion was outweighed by the fact that the King and Queen have already made one extensive tour of that country, and in the case of both Australia and New Zealand, besides the very much greater distances involved, with the consequent extension of the time of the King's absence from this country, there was the fact that both these Dominions have seen Their Majesties already, when, as Duke and Duchess of York, they made their long tour in 1927. Perhaps the King's personal friendship with and great admiration of General Smuts may also have been not without weight when the decision was taken.

NO ONE in Ulster was more pleased at the coming of Princess Elizabeth than the Hon. Mrs. James King, who, as the Hon. Patricia White, was one of the Princesses' earliest companions and playmates, in the days when the Duke and Duchess of York lived in Piccadilly, and saw a good deal of her parents, Lord and Lady Annaly. Long since, the Princess consented to stand godmother to her friend's baby, but Mrs. White and her husband,

Lieut. James White, did not expect her to be able to come personally to Comber, in Co. Down, for the function. Like the half-dozen other babies of various of her friends to whom she is godmother, the Princess's latest godchild is called after her, Elizabeth, which is also her mother's name, for the Queen was godmother at her christening back in 1923.

MORE NATIONAL HUNT TALK

IN spite of the icy wind, the tremendous crowd and the difficulty of backing winners, I think everyone thoroughly enjoyed the first post-war National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham. Besides the racing, part of the fun is seeing all one's friends, many of whom are keen hunting enthusiasts and seldom go racing except to this annual meeting. I met Lord Essex who is not a frequent racegoer; he had come up from Wiltshire where he told me he is farming hard. Among other hunting chat Mrs. Shedden had news that her brother, Major Bowes-Daly, had taken on the joint-Mastership of the Galway Blazers again. He first took these hounds in 1928, and at the outbreak of war was joint-Master of the pack with the Earl of Sligo and Major F. Carr, hunting hounds himself. Mrs. David Price told me she was soon leaving Warwickshire for Ireland, where her husband has also taken a pack of hounds; he was Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) from 1938, and has been serving with the Navy during the war. Members of the Cotswold Hunt I met seemed delighted at the appointment of the Misses Wilson as joint-Masters of that pack.

AMONG those I saw in the big crowd were Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, who had come over from Oxfordshire and were talking to the Hon. Dick Samuel, Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, and Lady Cowdray. The Earl of Westmorland was chatting to Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, and a little farther on I

saw the Hon. Mrs. Innes with Countess Cadogan and her sister, Lady Ebury. Mrs. Hugo Brassey, well wrapped up, was walking round with her husband, who was one of the few men wearing a red carnation. Miss Priscilla Bullock, the Earl and Countess of Derby's granddaughter, was watching the horses being saddled with Mr. Jack Clayton. A great personality there who very few people met was Sir Alfred Munnings, President of the Royal Academy; he came down from London each day by train. This great artist, who is such a lover of horses, didn't go into the crowded stands, but spent the three days watching the horses in the paddock, at the start and jumping different fences; in fact, he saw more of the racing than most people. Let's hope we shall all have the privilege of seeing on canvas what Sir Alfred saw in those three days at Cheltenham. A very successful exhibition of his paintings has been held this month at the Jan Macnicol Galleries in Glasgow and closes on Friday, March 29th.

THE Earl of Rosebery, a steward at the meeting, had a big family party with him, including his only daughter, Lady Helen Smith, and his step-daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk. The Duke of Norfolk was there, and so was his eldest sister, Lady Rachel Davidson, who was watching most of the racing from a corner box. Sir Miles Graham came over from Warwickshire with Brigadier and Mrs. Jack Speed, who were his hosts for the week. Lady Helena Hilton Green, down from the Cottesmore country, was wearing a vivid green cap; she had a horse running in the National Hunt 'Chase. Mrs. Evan Williams, in a mink coat and hat, was there to see Captain Baggally win the Kim Muir Memorial Cup on Astrometer. Mrs. Williams gave this Challenge Cup in memory of her brother, the late Captain Kim Muir, a fine young amateur rider who was killed while serving with his regiment, the



Sir Roland Wall, of the Ministry of Food, was knighted by H.M. the King. With him is his wife Lady Wall and his daughter. Sir Roland is Deputy Secretary to the Ministry

10th Hussars, in 1940. The race was for amateur riders only who had served in any of the armed forces during the war.

MORE SPECTATORS

Also at the meeting were Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, the Countess of Beauchamp, those two exceptionally good-looking sisters Mrs. Carlos-Clarke and Lady Throckmorton, Sir Robert Throckmorton, Lady Lovat, Lord and Lady Stavordale, and his tall sister, Lady Mary Herbert, who has that envied gift, great charm. The Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington were watching some of the races high up in one of the covered stands well away from the wind. Others I saw were the Countess of Lewes, Lady Amy Biddulph, her brother and sister-in-law, the Earl and Countess of Normanton, Captain and Mrs. Jakey Astor, Lord and Lady Ednam, Sir Arthur Pilkington, Major and Mrs. Keith Cameron, Captain and Mrs. Ralph Leyland, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson, Lord Grimthorpe, the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie, the Countess of Hopetoun, Sybil Lady Portman, Mrs. Luke Lillingstone, Mr. W. Jackson, Major Dermot McCalmont and his son, Victor, with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Bellville, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Captain and Mrs. Pat Grey, Mr. Lobby Villar, Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, Lieut.-Colonel Peter Payne-Gallwey, Mr. and Mrs. Greenslade, Mr. Quinney Gilbey, the Hon. Dorothy Paget, Countess Munster, Lord and Lady Cromwell, and their daughter, Philippa, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Tommy Clyde, Lady Irwin, Lady Mary Rose Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard van Cutsem, Lady Viola Dundas, Major and Mrs. Greenly, Major and Mrs. Shedden, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, Major John and Lady Jane Nelson, the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley, Prince Vsevolode, Mrs. Peggy Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Freeman Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paget, Mr. Charles Phipps, who is in the 10th Hussars, and Captain and Mrs. Eve (who were on their honeymoon); Mrs. Eve was Miss Betty Rank before her recent marriage, and had come to see her father's good 'chaser, Prince Regent, win the Gold Cup.

After racing on the second day many people went on to the National Hunt Ball at Rossley Manor Country Club, where they danced till the early hours of Thursday morning. Besides some of the people I've mentioned I saw racing I found Admiral Sir Frances Marten with a party, Major Higgins, M.F.H., and his wife with a party, Major and Mrs. Scott Plummer, Lady Dorothy Lygon, and Mrs. Euan Mews, who had brought a party.



Cdr. Sir Edward Micklem, C.B.E., with his wife and son, received the order of knighthood. He is Deputy-Chairman of Vickers-Armstrong and was Chairman of the Tank Board and Armoured Fighting Vehicle Division at the Ministry of Supply from 1942-44

Investiture at Buckingham Palace



Brig. J. F. Walker, who received the D.S.O., with Mrs. J. F. Walker, and Mrs. H. W. Dinwiddie



Capt. Alastair Martin, D.S.C. and two Bars, with Mrs. Martin. Capt. Martin was decorated with the D.S.O.



W/Cdr. Lucian Ercolani, of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, with his wife. W/Cdr. Ercolani received the D.S.O., which he won in 1941, and Bar and the D.F.C.



Lt.-Col. J. N. Lapraik, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, with his wife and mother, outside the Palace. He received four decorations—the D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C. and Bar



Miss Field and Mr. Golbeg



Miss Patricia Chilton, Mr. Peter Pottinson, Miss Elizabeth Hunt-Lloyd, Mr. Tobert Stevenson-Clark, Lady Maureen and Lady Patricia Le Poer Trench, daughters of the Earl and Countess of Clancarty, Mr. G. C. de M. Rogers, Miss J. de M. Rogers, Mr. G. Butler Clark and Mr. B. O. L. Duke

Trinity College Union Ball

At the Dorothy Ballroom, Cambridge

Mr. G. S. Thompson, Miss Doreen Dawson,
Mr. J. E. Dalby and Miss U. A. PhillipsMiss Travers Clark and Mr. William
Kentish, M.A., of Christ CollegeMiss Margaret Peat and Mr. Allan
Barratt of Trinity College

Mr. S. Jovanovich, Miss A. Kampf, Mr. B. Mirosevitch, Miss E. R. Levinson, Mr. M. Illich, Miss Francoise De-Leeuw, Mr. Colin Ross-Munro and Miss Jane De-Leeuw

Mr. R. R. Neild, Miss E. A. Adams, Miss P. Neild, Mr. Angus Rae,
Mr. Richard Kindersley and Miss Ann Romanis



A general view of the dancing in Winchester Guild Hall. The ball was attended by many members of the hunt who brought parties



Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, youngest sister of the Earl of Normanton, and Major H. A. Andrae, Master of the Hunt

The H. H. Wire Fund Ball

At the Guild Hall, Winchester



Viscountess Cantelupe, her husband, Gen. Sir George Jeffreys, with Lady Smiley (centre), wife of Sir Hugh Smiley



Mrs. H. A. Andrae, wife of the Master of the Hunt, and Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt.



Mr. Laborde, Miss Leney and Miss Acheson



Mr. D. A. L. Dwyer, Mrs. Dwyer and Mr. R. P. King



Capt. Grubb, Miss Davies, Lt.-Cdr. David Bromley-Martin, R.N., Miss Hope, Miss Rigby and Mr. C. Scott

PRISCILLA in PARIS

Pancakes with Rum

It was Shrove Tuesday. Snow, piled high in the gutters, was half-frozen, but underfoot it slithered in a mushy mess on the pavements. A mort o' domestic troubles obliged me to line up in a queue with the string-bag brigade, while Josephine remained at home to wrestle with a recalcitrant kitchen-stove. (I have always taken the precaution to choose the lesser of small evils whenever possible.) I stood elbow to elbow with a chatty soul (mother of thirteen and nine still alive), who was chuckling with joy at the thought of the six eggs she was about to receive for her brood.

Immediately in front of us stood two austere females, sour-expressed, bristling of chin, wearing what was supposed to be their chest between their shoulder-blades and their sit-upons where their tummies might have been, though the general impression was "squeezed-lemonish," and therefore scrawnily shapeless. A doleful, hair-shirted, ashes-decked couple if ever there was one.

They spoke of Lent, and boasted of their various plans to mortify the flesh they didn't possess. My cheery neighbour, hearing them, began to mutter imprecations, but luckily the queue moved up, and in the excitement of being served and arguing about a cracked egg, the matter was forgotten for the moment. We met again at the cash desk and left the shop together. "Lent?" said the mother of many, "I'll give them Lent [imagine the French

equivalent]. It's been Lent with us for the last six years. . . ." I heartily agreed. " . . . D'you know what I'm going to do with these?" She showed me the eggs (the cracked one was not amongst them). "Yes," I answered, "you're going to make Shrove Tuesday pancakes for the children and use the last bit of sugar serving them up!" She beamed all over. "Put it there mate [again the French equivalent, please]; you're right, and I'll flavour them with rum!"

So I put it there and we went on our ways rejoicing. There's nothing like being feckless when skies are grey and half an egg per person comes but once a month.

I went home to find the "early" post had arrived. It brought me a letter from a pal at Monte Carlo: " . . . there's lashings of food here," he writes, "as the police take no action against restaurants buying in the Black Market. I have had a *Châteaubriant* weighing at least a pound, with chips, for frs. 245, and you can also get a good *table d'hôte*, soup, fish, mixed grill and dessert for frs. 130 . . ." I hastily dropped the letter into the waste-paper basket. There's a thrill in being feckless, but there's no thrill in learning how some people have only to open their mouths and their pocket-book.

Spent a pleasant hour this week listening to Edward Stirling's interesting and amusing *causerie* on "*Un théâtre anglais à travers le*

Eighteen-year-old

Lise Topart, only eighteen years old, is well on the way to becoming one of Paris's leading actresses. She is already a "starlet," and has been hailed as "a quite brilliant actress." She was a born one, and started acting in the kindergarten and kept on doing so until she was selected from many others by René Laporte to play the part of Mrs. de Winter in *Rebecca*, which is a French adaptation from Daphne du



The time has come to drink healths, so Lise Topart touches glasses with Jules the barman, who wishes her success. The drink that is filling Lise's glass will not go to her head, as it is only lemonade



Adèle the giraffe is one of Lise's most important mascots, and as soon as she arrives in her dressing-room she never forgets to stroke Adèle's neck



It is at "Gambetta" Tube station that Lise daily gets down on her way to work. The ticket-collector, however, does not take being photographed with enthusiasm

monde." This was the first of the "Thés littéraires du lundi" organised by the Cahiers d'Art et d'Amitiés, directed by Paul Mourousy. The English theatre, under the management of Edward Stirling, has existed in Paris since 1924, with intervals of touring throughout Europe. When war broke out it was at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. The company managed to get over to England and joined E.N.S.A., Edward Stirling and his wife, Margaret Vaughan, returning to Paris after Liberation, when the former became director of the troop theatre at Marigny, where so many English and American successes were performed. This first *thé littéraire* was well-attended. The Comtesse de Brabant was there, Mrs. Tottenham Smith, wife of the British Consul-General, and many members of the British Council; there was also a crowd of young lovelies eager to see whether their understanding of English was as good as they liked to believe. Judging by the applause with which they greeted the many excerpts from the classics and from the London successes played by E.S. and Margaret Vaughan . . . it was!

A FRENCH journalist interviewing His Excellency Mr. Duff Cooper writes: "Dare I say that, with his sleek, blonde hair, his mobile moustache [I translate literally], his slow, graceful gestures and his unstudied elegance, the British Ambassador evokes a sumptuously pedigreed cat"! I thought of this on the

opening day of the exquisite exhibition of still-life paintings at the Galeries Charpentier. So many pictures of game and meat and fish would have been very tantalising to a feline spectator, but, listen—most indiscreetly—as I might, I heard no undue purring, I saw no covetous unsheathing of claws, and was unable to detect the slightest tigerish urge to spring upon even the "White Duck," that is the gem of the Retrospective Section of the exhibition, and that has been lent and brought over from England, thanks to the kindness of Lady Diana, from the late Sir Philip Sassoon's collection.

At the immense Salle Pleyel—where I can never go without a heartache to the memory of Antonia Mercé, our wonderful "Argentina"—a gala presentation was given, in aid of the War Charity "Victoire," of Anatole de Grunwald's remarkable film *The Way to the Stars*. This is a picture that will appeal to the French public for its sober treatment, its blessed lack of blatant heroics and its fine photography. (I hope I'm not writing out of turn over this?) Paris will also take it as a compliment that one of the leading ladies—there are only two—whose name I was not quick enough to note, but who also played the part of Katherine of France in *Henry V.* (seen at a troop theatre), has Spinelly's nose and Renée Veiller's (Mme. Steve Passeur) ruminant eyes. At this affair also the Embassies were

represented, while R.A.F. celebrities, and also-rans, came by wheelbarrow, carriage, cart and lorry from far around. Le Général George was there with his good lady, M. Rouvier, of the Artistes Associés, and M. Anatole de Grunwald came over from London a-purpose. It was a filthy night too, and with great intelligence the snow was massed in front of the principal entrance of the hall, so that more than one car had to be dug out when home-going time arrived. However, it was a great night and we enjoyed it thoroughly. I had stuck to my gum-boots.

Voilà!

● Mme. Camille Marbo has been elected President of the Société des Gens de Lettres. In 1937 she also occupied the same position. A hundred years ago this honour was offered to Mme. George Sand, who refused. In 1900 Mme. Judith Gautier also declined with thanks. Mme. Marbo is an extremely witty and somewhat caustic person. Speaking of a certain well-known authoress, a noisily militant feminist, unblest by the gods in the matter of good looks, Mme. Marbo is reported to have said: "She is one of those independent women on whom no man cares to depend."

Lise Topart Plays "Rebecca" Lead in Paris

Maurier's book and the English play. Lise Topart, a Paris doctor's daughter, is still in many ways a child and often finds it hard to adopt grown-up ways. She does not care for wearing high heels and evening dresses, though she has been trying her best to become a genuine Mrs. de Winter. From the success she is making every night at the Théâtre de Paris, where *Rebecca* is on, it looks as if she has achieved her aim.



Nestor, the fireman, who is on duty at the Théâtre de Paris, lends his helmet to Lise for a moment



In her dressing-room Lise puts the finishing touches to her make-up before going on. She always feels nervous before she has to face the audience



Lise leaves home for the theatre and says good-bye to her dog, Elgy, which is just pronounced "L.G.", taken from the initial letters of her brother's and her own Christian names

"THE TATLER" GOES TO A BRUSSELS WEDDING



The bride is ready. Her beautiful veil of Mechlin lace was taken from the cradle of Napoleon II., King of Rome, son of Napoleon Bonaparte

Photographs by Roger Schall, Paris



Below stairs, the chef, Van Acker, has prepared a banquet



The Duchesse de Mouchy samples the coffee



She enters the cathedral on the arm of her father, the Comte Jean de Bousies, led by young Pepito de Villalobar



Prince Baudouin and his bride are blessed by the Cardinal Van Roy, Archbishop of Mechlin. The white lilac and lilies, the rich vestments of the priests and acolytes, and the colourful congregation, give a fairy-tale magnificence to the ceremony

THE MARRIAGE OF Mlle. J. DE BOUSIES AND PRINCE BAUDOUIN DE LIGNE

Two thousand five-hundred guests attended the wedding of Mlle. J. de Bousies, daughter of Comte Jean de Bousies, and Prince Baudouin de Ligne, son of the Prince de Ligne, at Mechlin Cathedral. Through a real pea-souper fog, they arrived from miles around by coach, carriage, wheelbarrow, cart, to share in the traditional celebrations which precede and follow the union of two great families on the Continent. The celebrations opened with a private dinner-party and dance given by the Prince de Ligne at his home on the night before the wedding. To this seventy guests, all members of the family

or of the Corps Diplomatique, were invited. For weeks before, the chef, Van Acker, had been planning the menu; for days he and his staff had been preparing the sumptuous food. Next day the civil marriage at the Hotel de Ville, Brussels, was followed by a religious service at Mechlin Cathedral at which the Cardinal Van Roy officiated. From the cathedral the wedding procession, headed by the six grown-up bridesmaids, slowly crossed the beautiful Grande Place of Mechlin to the Hotel de Ville. The historic veil worn by the bride was carried by three small pages dressed alike in white satin suits

with pale-blue sashes, replicas of a suit worn by the little King of Rome. Behind them followed a long column of distinguished guests, the women wearing lovely evening gowns and furs, the men in white tie and tails. Thousands of spectators crowded the Place, gaping and cheering, their enthusiasm held in check only by the strong arms of the gendarmerie. To many of them, particularly those who shared in the wedding breakfast, it was an occasion they will never forget. Afterwards, Prince Baudouin de Ligne and his bride left for their honeymoon in the Belgian Congo, where the Prince has many fine plantations.



Guests crowd the Winter Garden of the Prince de Ligne's house

Cross-section of some of the 2500 guests

Racing in Ireland

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



The Earl and Countess of Durham with Lt.-Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, brother of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer



Major the Hon. Desmond Chichester, Coldstream Guards, younger son of Lord Templemore, with his recent bride. They were married in London at the beginning of this month



The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, sister of Viscountess Jocelyn, and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Randal Plunkett, son and heir of Lord Dunsany



Major and Mrs. J. W. R. Madden with Major A. H. S. Mellor, Rifle Brigade. Major Madden served in the war with the Irish Guards

Royal Dublin Society's Annual Bull Show and Sale



Lt.-Col. the Hon. and Mrs. Herbrand Alexander, with their prize-winning Shorthorn dairy bull Loughinstown Southern Standard. Lt.-Col. Alexander is heir-presumptive to the Earl of Caledon

● Pedigree bulls from all parts of Ireland, including a large entry from Northern Ireland, were to be seen at the first peace-time show of the Royal Dublin Society. For the first time since the war the show was held in the grounds of the Society at Ballsbridge, Dublin, where Shorthorn, Hereford and Aberdeen-Angus Bulls were all judged on the first day



The judges and the stewards of the Aberdeen-Angus classes were Mr. W. G. Macpherson, Major the Hon. Mervyn Wingfield, son and heir of Viscount Powerscourt, Mr. John Niven and Mr. E. J. Pease



The Earl and Countess of Leitrim. The Countess of Leitrim is a sister of Lord Huntingfield and married Lord Leitrim in 1939



D. R. Stuart

Members of the Cambridge Golfing Team

A. E. Cooper (Trinity Hall), the Cambridge Secretary, whose handicap is 2

Tom Fernie (Selwyn) has a 2 handicap. He was winner of the Scottish Schoolboys' International Championship in 1939

G. D. Boddington (Trinity) has a 5 handicap and was in the winning Cambridge golf side last year

H. D. Matheson, who is playing No. 3 in the golf side, is also a Scottish Soccer International

David G. A. Leggett, captain of the Cambridge team, has a 1 handicap and won Denham's first post-war meeting recently

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Saturday's Best Bet

CAMBRIDGE—each way! They average a stone heavier than their rivals. Personally, I prefer a boat that sits well down, other things being more or less equal. At the same time, it would be sheer madness to omit to take notice of the information proffered to us by an astute observer, that Oxford "moved in unison, as they sent their new craft skimming gracefully through the water!" Knowing exactly what Coach can say when vexed, I shudder when I think of what he would have said, if that "unison" had been lacking. Happily, never since the days of the "naughty" Ouida has any Varsity oarsman been encouraged to row faster than the rest of them. With tubbing, washing-out, bucketing, kicking their slides away, cutting under, pulling themselves up by the straps, and other such things left behind them (it is hoped), very little is now in front of them than that rather agonising time after the sweaters have been handed down and stowed in the stake boat.

Cheltenham Says:—

THAT (a) it is a thousand pities that Distel is not in the Gold Cup at Ascot, and that he is unsexed. We have only about enough honest-to-goodness stayers to count on the fingers of one hand. This horse is the real cut of a wolf; and there is something more: he is bound to jump big fences as easily as he does gorse-topped hurdles. He could have won that Champion Hurdle Race by twice four lengths if he had been asked so to do, and no one knows this better than the jockey who rode him; and (b) that the Irish critics need not now have much doubt about Prince Regent's capacity to stay the long distance at Aintree. It is the only doubt they have ever had. The only personal doubt I have entertained was whether all the racing he has had, with never less than 12.7 on his gallant back, might not have taken the edge off him. After this brilliant performance in the Cheltenham Gold Cup, it is no longer possible to retain any such belief. It is difficult to see anything else winning the National; though this is said with the necessary proviso which is attached to all steeplechases, and particularly to this one. Red Rower for second choice.

A Real Paladin

PRINCE REGENT had them all in his pocket more than half a mile from home in this Gold Cup. He jumped all the way with the rhythm of the first-class practitioner, and nothing could have altered the result, even if they had all jumped as well as he did: which they did not. Poor Flame, a good young

horse, knocked a bit of the steam out of himself, hitting one or two of them far too hard, but even if he had not, the result would have been the same. Prince Regent won so easily that even one of Golden Miller's class would have been hard put to it to beat him. He hardly flicked a feather off himself, and Tim Hyde can never have had a pleasanter ride on him. Everything that has ever been said in his favour has been amply justified, and only a bit of cruel luck can possibly prevent Mr. J. V. Rank from leading in a winner on April 5th. There are, nevertheless, still some Jonahs who say: "Aintree is different!" Who has ever been so silly as to say that it is not, but who that saw how this great horse dates them, can have any misgivings as to his capacity to tackle even the mountainous obstacles at Liverpool? It is the one that has not learnt how to date them that is almost bound, either to come it, or knock so much out of himself that a man in top-boots could beat him at the finish. Prince Regent's performance was quite effortless. Felicitations to everyone concerned: owner, trainer, jockey, and, of course, to this grand horse.

Minor Details

IF it has been decided not to run Poor Flame in the National this year—he has been quoted in the betting ever since the statement that he would not go for it—I should think that Cheltenham might decide it. Either of the mistakes he made in the Gold Cup would have grassed him at Aintree. He is a young horse, as 'chasers go, and there is plenty of time ahead of him. A bumping bad fall might put a damper on his courage. As he is at present, I do not think he could possibly get over the Grand National fences. Lord Stalbridge is very confident with that nice and very fast horse Red Rower, but it is obvious that he will need to be a lot better horse than Red April, who is handicapped on the same mark with him—11.7 in the National, and the 12 lb. advantage does not look like putting Red Rower upsides with Prince Regent, who had Red April beaten a very long way out. As to others: Jalgreya's getting cast in that motor horse-box cannot have done him any good. He did not go as if he were very fond of his job. Another little jotting: I think that Elsiech was unlucky to get floored at the water. He was sent out in front in the obvious belief that he could cut all their throats. He is a slashing fine jumper, and, personally, I admire the sporting owner's courage over that National wager. I think Mr. Edwards will probably win it, as Elsiech ought to jump the country. The horse has as much valour as the owner, and as young Balfe, who rides him. That is

ever a tremendous asset. Waiting in front is a splendid idea, if you can induce the rest of them to let you do it. Good luck to the venture, anyway, and I wish the owner could get up and ride Elsiech himself, as we all realise that he would dearly like to do. Congratulations to another bold man, Major Daly, on his well-earned and well-deserved win in the Corinthians' G.N. on Prattler. Everyone on this paper ought to have backed it, but not one of them did. It only remains to offer our sympathy to the owners of Farragon and Priority Call, Lord Bicester and Mr. Hetherington, upon the loss of their good horses. Much was hoped for with Farragon, and he was well backed in the Seven Springs Handicap Chase, in which he and Priority Call were fatally injured. Omelettes, unfortunately, have never yet been made without breaking a few eggs, but this does not make it any better for the owners of the eggs.

Another Yarn from Ireland

THIS one may perhaps amuse some of us. A devoted lady going round collecting for charitable purposes knocked at the door of the abode of Mrs. Dugan. Says she: "Mrs. Dugan, would you be after giving us something for the Inebriates' Home?" "If you'll wait till eight o'clock," said the lady, "I'll give you Dugan." My Dublin friend is as full of stories as an egg is full of meat, and I am sure that he would be a great asset as a corpse-reviver to any of us who are feeling the depressing effects of the clouds which are lowering over us at this uncomfortable moment.



"My dear, I've been queueing for weeks, and I did want some new ones for the National"



A General View of Cheltenham Racecourse

THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING AT CHELTENHAM

THE first post-war National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham was an even greater event than had been anticipated. Always a gathering of both the hunting and 'chasing worlds from all over England, this year many visitors had crossed either the English or Irish Channels for the meeting to see the French 'chaser Jalgreya and the Irish champion Prince Regent with a big contingent of runners from Ireland.

Although the racing was first-class, the chief topic of conversation on the first two days was the weather. The cold north-east winds blowing into and around those stands high up on the Gloucestershire hills had to be experienced to be believed. On the second day the wind reached its height, hats flew off and faces were blue—most women abandoned their hats and tied their heads up in gaily-coloured handkerchiefs; a few women like Lady Sybil Phipps and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe had sensibly tied veils round small hats which kept them neat and tidy.

Many of the men wore sheepskin-lined leather coats, but not so Lord Lovat, who walked about throughout the meeting with a yellow pullover under his jacket and no overcoat; a Spartan Scot and ex-Commando! Happily, by the Thursday the wind had dropped, and it was just a pleasant, cold, March day.

The Hon. Dorothy Paget swept the board the first day, winning three races, including the important Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup, with Distel, which started an odds-on favourite. All these winners were trained in Ireland. Another feature of the opening day was the success of the young Warwickshire farmer, Mr. Billy Hobbs, with his horse Rearmament, in the United Hunts Challenge Cup. He was given Rearmament for a couple of sacks of corn when horses were being given away during the war by a member of the Warwickshire Hunt. The horse had only had his first race in the Whaddon 'Chase point-to-point the previous Saturday—and he won it. He was ridden at Cheltenham by a farmer friend, Mr. Spencer, and started at 100 to 8; so little was he fancied that his owner nearly went to Stratford-on-Avon market to sell some of his stock instead of going racing!

Another minor romance of the meeting was the victory of Prattler in the National Hunt Steeplechase on the second day; also almost a gift horse, he was sold to his present owner, Mr. E. Mannors, a retired farmer, for £20. Mr. Mannors, who takes more interest in point-to-points than 'chasing, didn't fancy the chances of Prattler, who started at 33 to 1 on the books and paid a dividend of over 100 to 1 on the Tote. He was superbly ridden by Major Dermot

Daly, who, in spite of having broken his collar-bone three weeks before, rode one of the best finishes I have ever seen at the end of this four-mile 'chase.

High-spot of the meeting was the race for the Gold Cup. There were several thousand spectators packed around the parade ring to see the six runners before the race, all easily distinguishable by the large name-cards on their rugs. Mrs. Rank, cheery and vivacious, added a bright spot of colour to the scene with her scarlet hat and ocelot coat when she accompanied her husband into the ring to see his champion, Prince Regent. Another great supporter of the winter sport in the parade ring was Lord Stalbridge, who had saddled Red April for the race. Vicomte Rene de Rivaud, with his nephew, was chatting to Mr. John Goldsmith, who has been training his Jalgreya since he came to this country.

The off—and soon we saw that the much-heralded Irish champion was a British champion. He jumped beautifully, and as he came to the last fence the cheering started and grew to a tremendous roar as Prince Regent passed the winning-post five lengths ahead of Poor Flame.

Janifer



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paget



Mrs. Peter Vaux and Mrs. Mansell



Miss Henderson and Major Gerard Leigh



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Mrs. David Ormsby-Gore*



*Mrs. P. W. Cripps and Col. Dudley
Norton*



*Mrs. Richard Wrottesley, Col. P. K. Campbell
and Capt. P. G. Grey*



*Mr. Rogerson and his wife, Mrs. Rogerson,
the former Miss Eileen Joel*



*Lady Sybil Phipps, sister of the Duke of
Buccleuch, and her son, Mr. Charles Phipps*



*The Hon. Philip Kindersley, Lord Kindersley's
younger son, and Mrs. Kindersley*



*The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk with Lady Irwin (centre), wife of Lord
Irwin, the Earl of Halifax's son and heir*



*Major and Mrs. Harcourt Webb and Sir Charles McCann (centre), Agent-
General and Trade Commissioner for South Australia*



Agatha Christie, the Crime Writer,
Lives in Peaceful Devon



Agatha Christie, whose new thriller play "Murder on the Nile" opened at the Ambassadors Theatre on March 19th, chooses to live in a peaceful corner of Devonshire far from all the trappings of crime. She and her archaeologist husband, Mr. Max Mallowan, are down at the boathouse of their home, Greenway House, which looks over the River Dart

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"Georgian London." (Pleiades; 21s.)

"The Black Eye." (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.)

"English Rivers and Canals." (Collins; 4s. 6d.)

Architecture as History

THE history of London has been continuously written in bricks and stone—alas, for the many now missing pages! John Summerson, in his *Georgian London* (Pleiades Books; 21s.), has traced the fascinating connection between the spirit and body of our capital. The Georgian period, which has been his study, may be taken to start at 1714, when George I. ascended the throne, and to close at 1830, when George IV. died. These dates, says Mr. Summerson, are for his book's purpose singularly convenient:

They allow us to attach the word "Georgian" to a period for which other, more significant mere-stones would do as well, while suggesting no other equally simple and memorable inscription. Thus, the Georgian period begins with the building boom which follows the Treaty of Utrecht and continues to the end of the boom signalled by Waterloo. Or, again, it begins with the rise of the Palladian movement and ends with the whole classic tradition tottering. The venerable Wren saw its beginning; young Pugin cursed its end. But while the little piece of history contained in this book is easily detachable from its context, there are certain long threads at either end which cannot be cut. We must glance backwards and, forwards, therefore—backwards to the heroic, creative seventeenth-century and forwards to the last years before the steam age fogs the picture and the girthless London of our own time begins—the London whose boundaries are unknowable, except as administrative hypotheses, and whose skyline is the bed of an ocean where the nineteenth century has foundered.

The glance back at London's pre-Georgian growth becomes, thanks to Mr. Summerson's handling, something much more vivid and visual than a mere *résumé*: he invites the reader to imagine himself stationed in the air a mile above the capital, looking down—for a period of time proportional to two centuries, with the

years speeding past at one a second. Thus—as in one of those nature films in which a flower is made to appear in one fluid motion to unfurl to fullness from the closed bud—we have the life-growth of London dramatically condensed, for our fancy's eye. We take up our airy station in 1615: a century before the Georgian phase begins. We are to watch London and Westminster run together and merge like two animate blots of ink; bridges other than London Bridge reach out to span the river; spires rise; palatial town houses fall; the great conflagration of 1666 succeeded by ant-like activity of rebuilding; gardens, market gardens and green spaces rapidly devoured by streets, markets and squares, and spearheads of urbanism, at blitzkrieg speed, penetrate outwards through the surrounding country.

Wealth and Taste

LONDON has never been planned. No one mind, no succession of single minds, projected London: she may be said to have happened. She is, Mr. Summerson points out, "the city raised by private, not by public, wealth; the least authoritarian city in Europe. Whenever attempts have been made to overrule the individual in the public interest, they have failed." The result, for centuries, was a jumble, of which the general virtues can have been only two—vitality, character. Taste—to which the author devotes his second and one of his most absorbing chapters—came (as history goes) fairly late on.

Taste in architecture reached London about 1615: taste, that is to say, in the exclusive, snobbish sense of the recognition of certain values by certain people. Taste was a luxury import from Italy, received and cherished by a small group of noblemen and artists whose setting was the not very polished Court of James I. Architecture was a late-comer to this little circle of intelligence in still half-medieval England. But its arrival had been expected. Taste in other

things—poetry, manners, the stage—was already tolerably well started. . . . People interested in such things talked about the possibilities of real Italian buildings not just mannerist conceits—being built in England. Sooner or later it was bound to happen. All that was needed was the right man and the right opportunities, and both came along in 1615, the year that Inigo Jones, just back from his third visit to Italy, was appointed Surveyor-General to the King.

Inigo Jones, with his superb and inherent theatricality, not only built the Queen's House at Greenwich and the Whitehall Banqueting House, but was connected with the first (and at that time daring) essay in estate development. When the fourth Earl of Bedford decided to build over the land behind his house in the Strand, Inigo Jones designed the Piazza (alas, one must now say the original piazza) of Covent Garden. Other noblemen owning London land were to follow Lord Bedford's example in the eighteenth century: their extensive contributions to London's urbanism, in *Georgian London*, are a recurrent theme. With a coolness that is never quite cynicism, Mr. Summerson points out that, in the case of the noble lords, public spirit and regard for the rent-roll played, at least, equal parts. The Cavendish-Harley, Foundling, Grosvenor, Portman and Southampton (or Fitzroy) estates were the chief of many to be developed between the accession of the first and the death of the fourth George. The conception of this development was in units—each unit comprising a square, a church, satellite streets, and a market to supply the prosperous houses. Aristocratic London, in that age of high politics, had its definably political strongholds: Hanover Square was the focus of a Whig neighbourhood, Cavendish Square of a Tory.

The comparative failure of Cavendish Square—in view of its projector's first aspiration—is symptomatic: young Harley conceived of his new square as composed of the few but large,



Agatha Christie assists in planting a "Bethamia" tree in her garden with the help of her husband and the gardener. Greenway House once belonged to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who sailed from this coast in 1583 to formally occupy Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth

E TATLER
BYSTANDER
CH 27, 1946
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In Agatha Christie's well-stocked library the original frescoes painted round the walls were done by U.S. Navy personnel during their wartime stay at Greenway House. They depict the exploits of U.S. Navy flotillas. One of the most popular crime writers in this country, Agatha Christie has forty-four novels to her credit

notable houses of his friends. But English noblemen were, and were to continue to be, unambitious in their ideas of a London dwelling: they preferred to pour money into their country houses, where they employed architects, flung out the saloons and galleries London interiors were to lack, and amassed art treasures from abroad. This fidelity of the most wealthy to country life accounts for the fewness of London's "great" houses.

BUILDING in London, Mr. Summerson shows, was not continuous: there were "waves" of it about every fifty years. A victory, a boom, or a new ascendancy (such as the Hanoverian-Whig) in each case set a wave going. The demarcation of each layer, or period, is thus fairly clear. Three Building Acts—1707, 1709 and 1774—aimed at some kind of control of the growing city, limited speculation, and were to make, in the main, for a marked but civilised uniformity. The earlier two acts showed an obsession on the subject of non-combustibility: the fire of London was still within living memory. Prominent wooden eaves-cornices (which had been, Mr. Summerson says, such a feature of Restoration London) were to disappear in favour of stone or brick parapets; and wooden window-frames must be deeply recessed.

The recognised professional architect did not emerge until towards the end of the eighteenth century: before that, the actual builders of London streets and squares, master-craftsmen, worked from their own drawings. Many manuals of design and of simplified principles of architecture were published for "the trade" at popular prices: their worthy, if not strikingly inspired, fruits are to be seen. The level of workmanship was high—speculative, building and jerry-building were, in that happy age, not synonymous—in fact, speculation (in the sense of building houses to lease) implied a bid for the public taste; and Georgian public taste was by no means low. On the subject of ground and other leases, building materials, and the evolution in ornament due to such new commodities as Coade stone, Mr. Summerson gives us ample information. All London "terrace" houses, great or small, follow, he shows, the same more-or-less enforced plan.

Georgian London is by no means confined to housing: we have churches, public buildings and public works; and a section on Georgian Greater London—ribbon developments, suburbs and satellite villages.

On the subject of those architects who gave us the best of London—their personalities, and the reflection of those personalities into stone,

brick or stucco—Mr. Summerson is deeply interesting, always lively and sometimes controversial. Kent, Gibbs, the two Dances, Chambers and Cubitt are not only fully dealt with, but are reinforced, for the reader, by magnificent photographs of their work, at the end. Of Soane, the less well-known Hawksmore and the Adams brothers, he writes with a sympathy that gives a warmer texture to his at all times distinguished prose. He would appear, however, to have taken a turn against Nash—Nash, on whom, only some years ago, he gave us such an admirable book.

"Regency"

I REGRET, in fact, very much the entire tone of Mr. Summerson's *Regent's Park Section*—derivative, by implication, even where it is lyrical. The fate of these Nash terraces round the Park is, as I write, in the balance: a committee is sitting to consider their future. These terraces, which form an entire scheme, constitute, I believe, the one part of London where stylish and smiling imagination had full play. They have been—one might feel miraculously—preserved, through and in the heart of a bomb-plastering as severe as the enemy found fit to

(Concluded on page 412)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

LOTS of people, women especially, are apt to mistake possessiveness for love. To domineer the one they love panders to their vanity, and their vanity persuades them that devotion and moral support can go no farther. Everything is "vetted" before their victims are allowed to have the least life of their own. And what little may be left of that life is regarded with suspicion. Moreover, the sad part is that these "victims" are usually the mildest and most trustworthy among the vagaries of human kind. Otherwise, they could not be so absorbed by another's dominating personality.

To be a Hitler-in-the-home can so easily be mistaken for domestic righteousness. Hitler, I dare say, felt inspired by just the same illusion. Only a stunning defeat will ever convince a dictator that slavery is not synonymous with peace. Thus it is with the possessive. So long as their victim is well in tow they can steer their own barque in whichever direction they may fancy, their selfishness and vanity often being mistaken by them for moral uplift.

Of course, where we love we are all more or less possessive. It only becomes a vice when our pride of possession seems so secure that we cease trying to be lovable. And when we cease to be lovable we soon end by being unloved. To be completely possessed never did anyone real good. It devitalises one. One sees a shadow and hears an echo. And neither really bespeak happiness, however many times "Yes, dear," may seem to strike an affectionate note.

The possessive would seem rather to prefer a formal demonstration of love than merit it irresistibly. A sense of power enlarges their ego. And a sense of power usually ruins that give, as well as take, which is the greatest virtue in communal life. Moreover, the possessive are invariably "naggers." And naggers can make life hell for other people much quicker than vice. They never let sleeping dogs lie. Or, rather, they never let sleeping dogs sleep. On the principle that continuous drops will

wear away any stone, they see all the human life around them as a series of stones to be worn to a pattern. But the strangest fact of all is that few of their victims realise how relentlessly they are possessed. Indeed, many of them seem to like it. Or, rather, they have lost the energy to resist. Like women's dogs, dragged relentlessly through crowded streets on a short leash, it may not be their idea of freedom, but they have got resigned to it at last. "I am my brother's keeper" can be a noble cause, so long as the operative word is not "keeper."

Personally, I can never quite understand the heart and mind of one who retains another against his, or her, will. In spite of the tragedy of renunciation, I would sooner renounce than possess merely as a form of contract. I would sooner live my life out alone than hold someone dear to me in human bondage. If I am not worthy of love or friendship then, at least, I can go my own way. But it is a happy fact that the dearest human possessions of all come to us for what we, ourselves, are, never for what we command other people to be.



Carter — Helps

Capt. Herbert J. Tindall Carter, Royal Horse Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Carter, of Tydd Manor, Wisbech, Cambs., married Miss Eve P. Elphinston Helps, only child of Col. and Mrs. R. P. A. Helps, of Hinwick House, Wellingborough, Northants



Levy — Rose

Capt. Gordon Levy, Essex Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Levy, of Laindon, Essex, married Miss Sylvia Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Rose, of the Arlington, Bishop's Avenue, Hampstead



Mann — Rodd

Lt. Douglas Mann, 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, youngest son of the late Mr. Percy Mann and Mrs. Mann, of Bolebroke, Hatfield, Sussex, married Miss Evelyn Rodd, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Stanhope Rodd, of Netherbury, Dorset

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Lamond — Robertson

Lt. Edward Stewart Lamond, Seaforth Highlanders, only son of Sir William and the late Lady Lamond, married Miss Joan Robertson, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. K. Robertson, of Jersey, C.I., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Watt — Porter

Major Richard J. Watt, Welsh Guards, only son of Lt.-Col. R. E. Watt and Mrs. Watt, of Waverly Hill, Camberley, married Miss Margery Tenlon Porter, only daughter of the late Mr. O. H. Porter and of Mrs. M. M. Rowley, of Bournemouth



Crum — Adams

Mr. James Campbell Crum, son of Canon J. M. C. Crum and Mrs. Crum, of Wilmer House, Farnham, Surrey, married Miss Margaret Adams, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. A. Crawford Adams, of West Hallam, at Derby Cathedral



Labram — Wheeler

F/Lt. George W. Labram, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. Labram, of Norbury, married Miss Helen Margaret Wheeler, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wheeler, of Sanderstead, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Hollway — Morris

Major Michael Hollway, M.B.E., son of Major and Mrs. F. Hollway, of Baguley, Cheshire, married Miss Margaret Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Morris, of Meredith Road, Leicester, at Aylestone Parish Church, Leicester



Whiston — Tillott

Lt. Walter Barrett Whiston, R.N.V.R., third son of Mr. and Mrs. Whiston, of Edinburgh, married Miss Gwen Maria Tillott, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tillott, of Westminster, and of Welwyn, Herts, at Westminster Cathedral

planning beyond tomorrow...

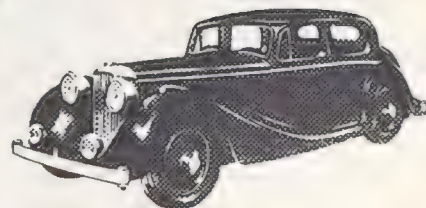


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Jean Lorimer's Page

● Early sunshine brings with it a longing for something new, something fresh and spring-like, and since coupon reductions make a new suit once more a possibility, what could be a better choice than one of these? The girl on the left chose a Nicoll suit—off the peg and a perfect fit. It is of pure Scotch wool in a lovely heathery mixture. Her companion went to Aquascutum, and since she is not quite stock size, had hers made to measure. She found a navy and white fleck material which suited her fair colouring admirably and had it made buttoning high, with an inverted pleat back and front and cunning hip pockets in the seams of the jacket. Both are suits which will give years of good hard wear



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K N I G H T S B R I D G E S . W . 1

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 407)

give any part of West-End London. Today—damaged, patched and temporarily derelict as they are—their pale, pillared and statued façades are standing triumphs (triumphant, too, in their standing) over the drab, dire stupidity of the world. Nor are they, which is important, façades only. "Behind it all," says Mr. Summerson, "are rows and rows of identical houses, identical in their narrowness, their thin pretentiousness, their poverty of design." This I dispute. Inside, these houses are light and genial, lovable, livable-in, and of a soothing countrified airiness: most fit, surely, of all houses in London to be homes and places of hospitality. Moreover, they are rich in associations: if they went, they would leave a vital tear in the visible fabric of London's past. *Georgian London*, one of the finest books I have read for a long time, is ultimately saddening—so much has already gone. Loss of life apart, I find I forgive the bomb more easily than I can forgive the complacent (and often not un-mercenary) "improver." Some of our loveliest buildings went to the knackers in, we were told, the interests of common sense. The common sense of today is often the aberration of tomorrow.

Mary's Apartment

IN *The Black Eye* (Crime Club, 8s. 6d.), Conyth Little is at the very top of her form—in fact, I should call this her best since *The Black Lady*. With her "black" series, this American author is making detective-story history: her grim-crazy tales are unique. She may appeal less, perhaps, to those who prefer their detective stories to be flatly set out intellectual problems; but her fans (of whom, you may guess, I am one) will put her into the class that one reads twice—once to find out "who done it"; the second time to re-relish the flavour of the whole thing.

This time, in *The Black Eye*, we have young Eugenia Gates, on vacation from a New York office, accepting the loan of her friend Mary Fredon's (nominally)

empty apartment, in order to have a solitary complete rest. This, however, is not to be: on the very evening of Eugenia's arrival Sergt. Ken Smith, of the U.S. Army, on leave, and Lucy, a high-flying widow, are added unto her. To crown all, Mary—who is by way of recuperating in the country from heartbreak caused by her husband Homer's desertion, returns, and decides to spring-clean the flat—which is large, old fashioned and gloomy, and packed with priceless antiques. And these and the ill-assorted quartet are not—I may gruesomely hint—the only contents of Mary's apartment: blood-curdling discoveries follow on one another. The police, headed by Bartholomew Egbert, are from thenceforward constantly on the premises; so are Mrs. Budd and John Emerson from next door. None of the possibilities, grim or gay, of the situation have been overlooked by Miss Conyth Little.

Waterways

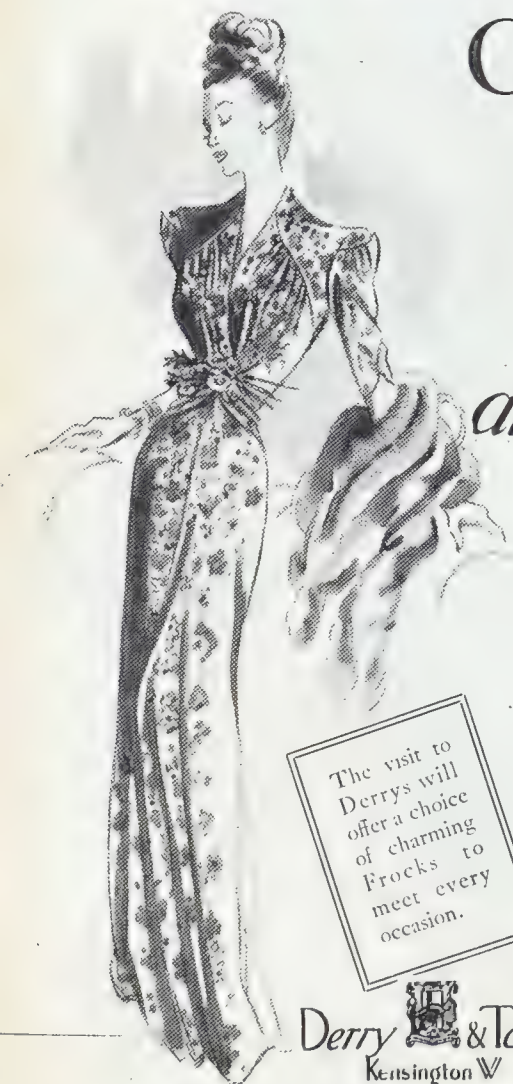
English Rivers and Canals ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins, 4s. 6d.), is the joint work of Frank Eyre and Charles Hadfield—the former has written about rivers, the latter about canals; and the large possibilities of both subjects have been developed with a fullness that (given the restrictive size of all books in this series) seems miraculous. I think it a tribute to this book to say that it inspired me with intense restlessness—as the holiday and travel season approaches, it should inspire those in search of new

**Mrs. Rivers Kirby**

In our issue of March 6, 1946, we incorrectly stated that one of the persons in a photograph on page 300 was Mrs. Rivers Kirby. We regret the error and apologize to Mrs. Rivers Kirby (whose photograph we publish above) for the inconvenience and annoyance caused to her

tracts of England. Navigable rivers occupy their due share of Mr. Eyre's space: he confers, in a curious way, personality upon each successive river of which he writes. Lyrical are his praises of the Severn; he confesses to finding the Thames a little dull. His real passion, however, is for small, rapid, and what one might call difficult rivers—and his taste for wild water canoeing may well prove dangerously infectious. Canals, the great canal boom following the Duke of Bridgewater's triumph in 1761, the railway-caused slump, and modern canal prospects, have not been less vividly treated by Mr. Hadfield. Among this book's diversified illustrations are fine colour-reproductions of Cox and Cotman.

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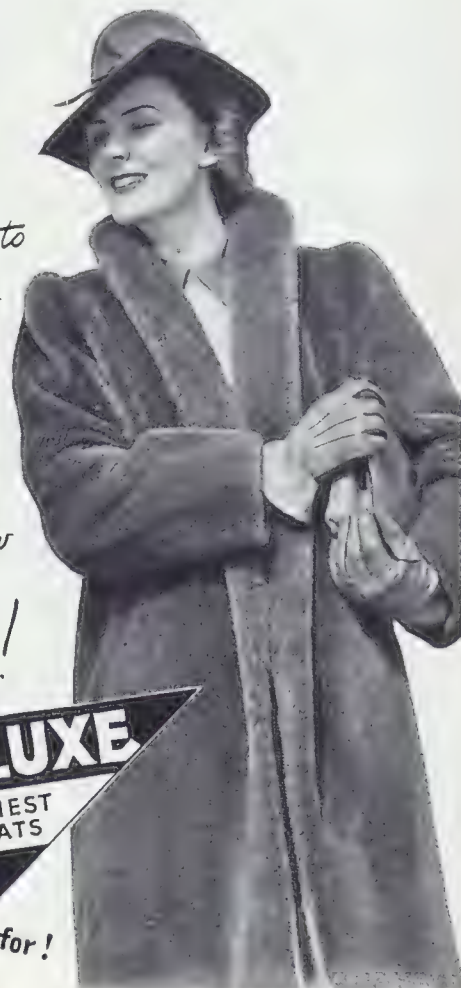
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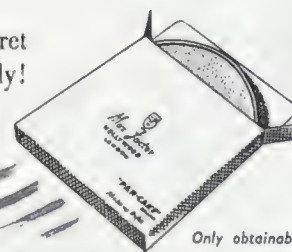
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Fast or Fat?

ONE of the fundamental problems which all civil air transport designers must solve sooner or later is whether it is better to go for cheapness before speed, or for speed before cheapness. At intervals in the history of British aviation, companies have come forward with designs specially studied for economical running. The aim is to provide a "packhorse" aeroplane which is slow but steady, rough but cheap. And at the present time when a designer aims in this direction he looks longingly back at the fixed undercarriage. Many features of the old-fashioned machines were cheap. A retractable undercarriage is expensive. So are things like wing flaps and constant speed airscrews. Is it wise to seek cheapness and robustness by rejecting modern improvements?

My own answer is clear. It is that it never pays in the long run to build a slow, clumsy aeroplane because it is a cheap aeroplane, or an aeroplane easily maintained. When the Douglas D.C.3 came out it was the latest and fastest thing in air transports. Now it is a packhorse of the air.

Familiarity and Trust

IN aeroplanes familiarity breeds trust. If the machine is a good one in the first instance speed will be a much bigger asset than cheapness. I would say that the Lockheed Constellation will one day be looked on as a good, trusty old hack. Today it is the fastest, brightest thing in production air liners. Those who have looked it over are loud in its praises. They admire the superb exterior lines. A French critic, seeing one at Orly, extolled its appearance in the highest terms. His only point of criticism was that the interior decoration was of the "genre clinique," but that particular style has many admirers today.

There is little doubt that the Americans have something in this fine aircraft. And one of the technical points that deserves notice is that the controls are power-operated. We shall all come to power-operated controls sooner or later. The advantages are great. In a paper on the subject by Lockheed engineers the manner of "feeding back" the feel of the controls to the pilot is described. The result is that the pilot does still "feel" the way the machine is behaving although between his hands and the control surfaces there are interposed electric motors or hydraulic mechanisms or both to step up the power. Power-operated controls enable the aircraft to be given a better line because they eliminate the need for servo tabs and for those unpleasant and sometimes dangerous things, aerodynamic balances.

Buying British

BUT although I admire the Constellation enormously, I become more and more doubtful as to whether it was wise for the Ministry of Civil Aviation to order them for the use of one of the State Corporations. At first I wholly approved of the order. But that was because I thought that British makers would take longer than they now seem to be doing to turn out suitable new types of air liner. I feel that I may have to alter my views if the new Tudors and other machines do appear in service as soon as the makers now predict.

A life-long experience of aviation has taught me that no aeroplane ever comes out on the date originally forecast. The delay may be a week, or a month or several years. I believe that there have been instances of delivery almost on the date forecast—an example was the Short Empire flying boat when the Short company was a private enterprise and not a State concern—but normally there is a time lag which cannot be accurately foreseen. The question of whether it was advisable to spend dollars in buying American aircraft was largely concerned with the time it would take to turn out British transport aircraft. Now the Tudor II has been test flown and is coming along well and by the end of the year there should be a number of Tudor Is and Tudor IIs in service.

Training

WE may therefore ask if it was wise to order the five Constellations. The main purpose of these machines is training, for it is the avowed intention of the State Corporations eventually to use machines of British design and construction. But is it wise to train crews on these fine American machines as a preparation for transferring them to British aircraft which must, by the nature of things, be somewhat less good than the American at first?

Perhaps the Ministry of Aircraft Production was too pessimistic about the delivery dates of the British machines. This would excuse the action of the Ministry of Civil Aviation. Otherwise it does look as if we shall have to revise our views and as if we may in the end come over to Air Chief Marshal Joubert's way of thinking and conclude that we ought not to have spent our dollars on buying American aircraft when there are so many things more urgently needed.

French Light Machines

I HAVE mentioned the extremely interesting little French light aeroplanes. Six of them have undergone trials at Marignanne and now I hear that there is to be a full-dress competition between them at Toussus-le-Noble in April. The machines that do best in these competitions will receive production orders. The French machines are mostly of low price. Indeed, some of them are cheaper than comparable American types. We should look at these machines with some care and ask ourselves whether we are doing enough to meet the needs of the light aircraft market in this country.



Pilot Officer Prune Gets Demobbed

Pilot Officer Prune is demobbed and with him go his inventors S/Ldr. Anthony Armstrong Willis, and Cpl. W. J. Hooper the artist who signs himself "Raff." W. J. Hooper sketches Prune and Binder, the dog, in a typical pose. Though F/Lt. Tony Dobson, posing for Hooper, bears a fair resemblance to Prune in face and figure this pilot has never emulated his original

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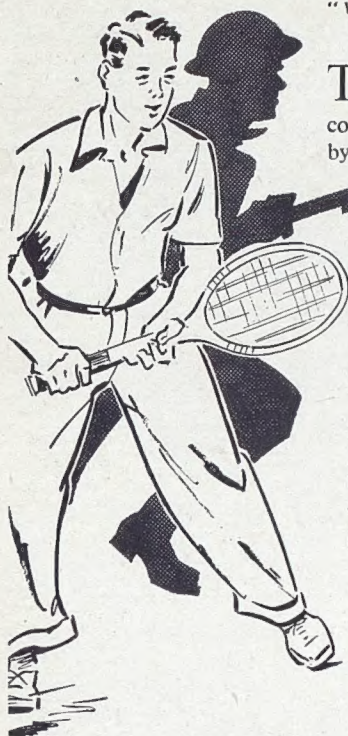
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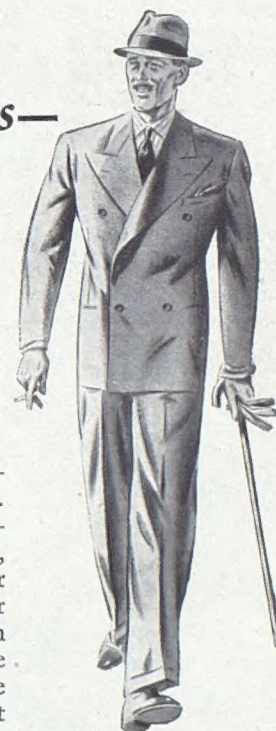
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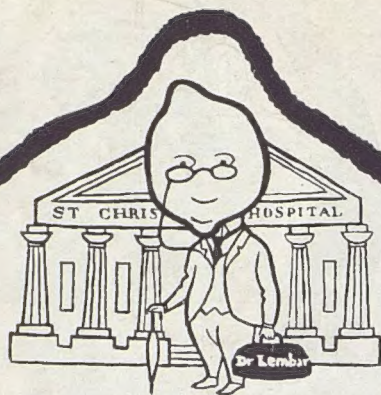


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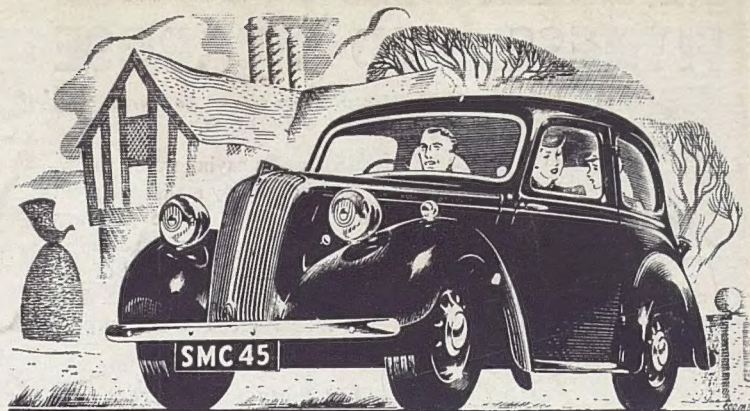
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